

25 Years by his side

After 40 years, my husband is finally getting the psyche and medical treatment he needs.

Unfortunately it came close to the cost of his life.

After two years of surviving on creative renditions of chicken and beannie weanie dinners, the money from over 25 years, of both of us working over time, was almost gone. Thoughts of living on the street were not encouraging at the age of 60.

So began the humiliating efforts of applying for compensation. After two years of paper shuffling, doctor visits, and horrendous medications, my husband finally got his permanent and total 100% disability for service related PTSD.

His comment when the papers arrived? " I would gladly give it all back, if I could only go back to work like I used to." With his determination came life threatening medications, and a severe loss of self pride. I have stood with him for over 25 years, and plan to be here from now on. But it breaks my heart in any case.

My only hopes at this point are that the vets returning today will not be forgotten nor looked down upon.

Author...Anonymous